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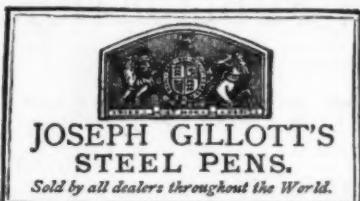
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PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,
AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND
MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII. BATTLE ROYAL.

ABOUT noon the following day Mrs. Dawson made her way with difficulty to the scene of the last night's revel, which had the air as if a general "sack" had taken place. The contents of the supper-rooms seemed to have become mixed up with those of the drawing-room; there were ladders, girandoles being taken down, green baize, glass on the floor, and vans at the door.

It was in this curious scene that Mrs. Dawson insisted on seeing the lady owner of the house, who was in a sort of dreamy rapture and good humour with all the world. Mrs. Dawson was in a very different vein—decided, stern, and business-like.

"I have only a few words to say," she said, coming to the point, "and I must ask a decided answer. I suppose we are to understand, from what took place last night, that your son does not accept my statement of his engagement to my daughter Phoebe?"

"I said it was a misunderstanding, recollect," replied Mrs. Pringle, with a kind of benevolent smile.

"That Phoebe had mistaken him: and his behaviour?"

"I really think it must be something of the kind. That dear girl of yours was much admired last night. Lady St. Maurice asked who she was."

"You were saying—?" interrupted Mrs. Dawson, impatiently.

"Well, I believe it is so. And Francis, I believe, thinks so also."

"Ah! how fortunate," cried Mrs. Dawson; "here he is, himself. Now we can hear it from his own lips."

The young man was crossing the hall with a smile upon his lips, fresh from a visit to his Baddeleys.

Mrs. Pringle was uncomfortable, for a moment only. After all, it would settle the matter decisively. He would have to repudiate in plain terms.

He himself was much confused. His mother, already showing signs of capacity for society and its devices, anticipated the others.

"I am glad, Francis, that you are here, as you will be able to convince Mrs. Dawson of her curious misapprehension. I know that you admired Miss Dawson, and that you may have used some expressions that may have been construed into a proposal; but I am sure you never contemplated a serious engagement?"

"No, no," said the young man, eagerly; "I may have said a few hasty words after a dance, but I never intended—"

"I see," said Mrs. Dawson, deliberately; "nothing more than a sudden impulse—nothing serious intended."

"Yes, that was it," he said, still more eagerly; "and I did not think that Miss Dawson took it for more."

"Now, you see," said the happy mother with much satisfaction, "we are arriving at an agreement."

"Let me read you this," said Mrs. Dawson, taking a letter from her pocket. Mr. Pringle turned pale. He recognised the document as being one of his letters to Phoebe, although, until he heard them declaimed in Mrs. Dawson's unrelenting voice, he had no recollection of having committed himself to such compromising sentiments.

Mrs. Pringle darted an angry look at her son; then her whole manner changed. She became defiant, burning her ships at once.

"It is no matter," she said; "the whole thing is unsuited, and can't be! We reject it altogether. There's an end of it."

Mrs. Dawson made a great effort to be calm.

"It is not to be so easily disposed of," she said. "Do you," she added, turning to young Pringle, "reject your solemn engagement in this way? Recollect, you will kill Phoebe—break her heart!"

"What am I to do?" he said. "It was very hasty, and—we did not know our own minds—"

"Phoebe knew hers. I merely wish for a simple answer—'yes' or 'no.' Do you refuse to carry out your engagement?"

"There is no engagement. The proof is, that at this moment he is engaged to be married to another person."

Mrs. Dawson recoiled under this fresh blow. She was being beaten all along the line. She knew not what to do; how to save her poor, luckless Phoebe. Yet the first thought was the discredit, the mortification of being thrown over in this coarse, cruel, and unceremonious way. At once all her restraint gave way.

"Very well," she said; "now I understand at last. But don't imagine that this disgraceful business shall stop here. You shall be exposed, depend upon it. Every one of you!"

"Oh, now, please!" said Mrs. Pringle. "Such threats! Pray don't; not here, at least."

"You little know whom you have to deal with," went on Mrs. Dawson. "Because you have got money you think you can treat us in this fashion; but take care. And as for you, sir, only that my poor child would suffer, and has given her heart, I would think it the greatest misfortune to give her to you. Her heart will break under this; but that I suppose you will think a fresh triumph. You are a poor, unmanly fellow."

The young man coloured. He did feel some pangs of self-reproach as he thought of the poor child he had deserted.

"Indeed," he began, "I do not wish to— But what am I to do? It is too late now."

His mother came to the rescue.

"We cannot have this sort of language. You must see it is quite unbecoming. In fact, if this tone is to be taken, we had

better leave it to Messrs. Cooper, our family solicitors. They will arrange it all; but you must see that—really—we cannot—"

And she smiled off the subject and the visitor without another word. Mrs. Dawson withdrew, and went home in a state almost approaching to despair. The wistful face of Phoebe met her, eagerly looking for good news. Still, the mother could not find it in her heart to tell her the worst. She forced her face into an encouraging expression, and told her that all was going on very well; that the family were, of course, rather against it for the present, but that in a short time, &c. "But he—was he coming?" asked Phoebe. "She was not to be in a hurry," her mother said; and then went up to her room to take off her "things," but, in reality, to think.

What on earth were they to do? She felt at the end of her resources. It was too plain that nothing could be done. How was a wealthy, influential family to be compelled to do justice by a poor feeble widow and her daughter? There was Tom, indeed. But what could Tom—a wild, flighty fellow—do? They would only laugh at him.

Still, such as Tom was, it was proper that he should know how things were. So, getting into a cab, she drove off to his various haunts—to this queer club which was open all night, to those strange, out-of-the-way lodgings where he was to be found occasionally. No one knew where he was, until at last she recollects an hotel where he stopped now and then, and where she was told he was at that present time at Monaco, shooting pigeons. He would not be back for a fortnight or three weeks. She wrote to him, but it was uncertain whether the letter would even find him; and, if it did, Tom had a fashion of leaving his family letters unopened.

Those three weeks were slow and painful ones for the widow and her daughter. In the Court Journal or Morning Post was to be read the announcement of the marriage "in high life" which had been arranged between Mr. Francis Pringle, only son of Samuel Turner Pringle, Esq., of Joliffe Court, Hants, and Lady Florence Croope, second daughter of the Earl of Baddeley. This with infinite difficulty was kept out of the way of Phoebe, who was a diligent reader of these elegant chronicles. A fortnight later, however, the house which the noble family occupied

had its shutters closed, and Mrs. Dawson learned the good news that they had gone abroad. Could it be that what is called "a hitch" had occurred? The Pringles were still in town at their mansion in Berkeley-square. It was not improbable, perhaps, the affair had "gone off" on the money question; which was not unlikely, for the Baddeleys were known to be greedy of cash. Things were brightening, and matters looked still brighter, when, at last, one evening, Tom presented himself.

He looked eagerly at Phœbe, on whom anxiety had told severely, but, as was agreed on, made no allusion to the matter in question. He was very amusing with his account of his adventures, showed with triumph a prize of one hundred and fifty pounds, which he had won by his shooting, as well as an "object of art," which he declared he would sell for any reasonable sum. What had he to do with objects of art, or still more, they with him? Fifty pounds he generously put into Phœbe's hand, and, to his mother's amazement and anger, said :

"It will come in nicely for the wedding, Phib."

Phib coloured, and, drawing a deep sigh, put it back. Mrs. Dawson frowned, and telegraphed to him.

"I say it will come in nicely for the wedding-dress. You had better take it, for I won't have a halfpenny of it by the morning." And not sorry to make a pretence of yielding to this artful argument, Mrs. Dawson put out her hand and took charge of the cash.

When they were alone she said :

"I am astonished at you, Tom!"

"Why!" he answered. "Didn't the fellow engage himself?"

"Yes, of course; but——"

"And did Phib agree to take him?"

"Yes, she did; but——"

"Play or pay, and no mistake?"

"Yes," said his mother again, perfectly understanding him.

"Very well, then, it must come off. And there's an end of it. I'll see about it tomorrow."

"Now, now, I entreat of you, Tom, none of your wild, harum-scarum doings. It will be no use, you know——"

Tom said again, very confidently, "Leave it to me," and so departed.

On the next evening he was with her again, to report.

"I hardly understand what it means," he said, "but you will. I had it all from

a fellow at the club. The Baddeleys are in Paris, Hôtel Bristol. And the daughter, he said, was going to be married, and at the Embassy, he believed. Does that help you?"

Mrs. Dawson almost gave a bound from her chair.

"I see it now," she said. "That explains it. Afraid of any annoyance here—get it over quietly—and out of the country. That cat of a Mrs. Pringle—just like her."

"So the blackguard's going to throw over Phib. I see it now," said Tom, whose ideas moved rather slowly, though surely. "I think it's all for the best."

"All for the best! Is that the way you take it?"

"Yes. Would you have her tied to a mean cur of that kind, who would only make her wretched?"

"Well, after that!" said his mother, in genuine astonishment. "I really thought you had spirit."

"Oh, fudge, mother," said the dutiful son. "Where's Phib herself? If she wants the man, of course that's another thing. It's her own look out, you know."

"Of course she does. Don't you see her looks? Why the poor little thing is quite changed within these few weeks."

Again the idea had come slowly to Tom.

"The rascal! the cur! How dare he! Where is he? Why, I'll drag him here and make him beg pardon on his knees. I took his measure the first day; he began his shirking, even then. But when I fixed my eye on him—he—well, he didn't quite like it. Come, let me only get at him."

"Now, Tom. I beg, do take care."

But the mother's heart was secretly delighted. Even if nothing came of it, it would be a real satisfaction if Tom could deal with him as the wretch deserved—if he was but made contemptible in the eyes of his new and noble bride.

Tom went his way, and returned that night about eight o'clock. He came in a hansom, with his portmanteau perched on the top, and all his rugs, &c., of which he required a plentiful supply.

"No go," he said. "My lad is off! What do you say to this—they say that the wedding's actually fixed at the Embassy; and the whole Pringle family started yesterday, bag and baggage."

"Well?" said his mother anxiously.

"Well, of course, I'm off too. What do you bet that no wedding takes place at the Embassy, or elsewhere? A fiver? Come, for the luck of the thing."

"More power, Tom," said the eager mother. "God bless you! Five—ten if you like."

"Fiver be it," said Tom. "Not a word to Phib, mind. Hush! here she is. Just off, Phib, to the Grand National; will be back in a day or two; keep up, my pet, all will go well yet!"

And Tom leaped into his cab and clattered away to the station.

CHAPTER XXIX. IN PARIS.

WE must now take a glimpse at the Baddeley family, as they are engaged with all their preparations for the coming event. Instead of the jubilee and excitement which reigned in the Pringle household, there was here uncertainty, with some disappointment, greed, and a host of minor passions. Lady Baddeley was a woman of the world, as it is indulgently called; that is to say, in all that regarded the advancing of her family, about as unscrupulous as a bookmaker on the turf. She only accepted the morality laid down by the code of fashion, just as the latter accepts the rules of the betting-ring, through the wholesome fear that, if he transgress them, he will not be allowed to pursue his calling. All her life, therefore, she had been looking out for husbands for her daughters, much as she looked out for a house when she came to town for the season. As for those views which more vulgar persons sometimes seek in marriages, such as "a suitable partner," "compatibility of tastes and tempers," such language, it might be said with perfect truth, "was Hebrew to her."

"What was the man talking about?" she was once heard to remark after a fashionable canon, who was in the habit of preaching at court, had made a remark of the kind, during a visit. "Isn't the young man Lord Bangington's eldest son? Surely nothing could be more suitable or compatible, as he calls it!"

Always insatiable then, and eager to seek something better, the woman of the world had entertained admirers, as they might by courtesy be called, for the more promising of her daughters. She was, indeed, remarkably clever, though she wanted genius—the genius that knows how to give the finishing stroke: alas! all that is so often wanted to complete the work. It was curious that there should have been a relation of Lord Garterley's—the actual heir to the title, though at some removes, two elderly and soulless brothers

being between—a sober, serious young man, who had an admiration for the stalwart proportions of the Lady Florence; and this promising and desirable gentleman Lady Baddeley had nearly secured. It was during this negotiation that the lady was betrayed into the most unfortunate false step of her life. Some friend had told the young man that the object of his attachment had been already engaged to another person. The incident had, indeed, occurred to her several times; but the news caused the lover a shock, as he was of a sensitive turn. Lady Baddeley, with an excessively candid manner, which she knew how to assume with all young men, laughed off the notion, and declared "that there was not a word of truth in it," a declaration which he repeated triumphantly to Lord Garterley. The latter, from a sort of fancy, took the trouble to investigate the matter, discovered the falsehood, peremptorily interposed and forbade the banns. The affair was talked about, and was excessively damaging to the family, who went abroad for a short time, to return in a couple of years, when the affair had "blown over." Everything blows over within that period.

Still, with the sanguineness that had been chastened by frequent defeat, the family had still clung to the hope of securing this prize, particularly as the young man still remained single. When the Pringle alliance was projected, it was firmly believed that one of its effects would be to stimulate the lagging affections of the young man; and it was prosecuted with a publicity and éclat that it was hoped would reach him. No result, however, followed, owing really to Lord Garterley, who took a pleasure in exposing these subterfuges. It was even conveyed to the lover that "darling Florence" was suffering cruelly, and that her inclinations were being in a manner "forced," and her heart was still fondly turned back to its old love. This, too, was of no avail; and, in sheer desperation, the family had to set out for Paris, still clinging to the hope that, even at fifty-five minutes past the eleventh hour—the time at which matters now had reached—something would turn up.

Tom had a pleasant journey, having found some "good fellows" as co-travelers, with whom he smoked, and drank, and betted all the night. He put up at one of the monster hotels, went to bed, had his breakfast, met friends in the courtyard of the great hotel, and

did some business on "the Guineas," the race that was then at hand. It was about three o'clock when he found himself free, and, perhaps, in condition, as he would consider it, to attend to Phib's affair. He was strolling down the Italian Boulevard—that gay and glittering promenade—looking in at the shop-windows, when he actually saw the person he was in search of coming towards him, with a friend, whom he knew also, the young lord, Mr. Pringle's future brother-in-law. Mr. Pringle was in high spirits, and with his face all smiles and good humour, but it became blank as Tom presented himself. Never was there so awkward a position: he felt in a second that Tom had been sent for pursuit or recapture.

But Tom greeted both with that warmth and freedom which such easy young fellows affect, and turned back with them. The young lord had a high respect for Phib's brother, and for his judgment in the matter of a horse, or shooting, and was, in fact, glad to see him, as he was bored with his expected connection. Being of the usual thoughtless pattern, he even did not associate Tom in any way with an opposition to his sister's pretensions, nor would it, had he thought of such a thing, have made much difference. Tom walked about with the pair for some hours, introduced the young lord to one of the French betting-rooms—it was the days of the Oller Agency and "Paris Mutuels"—where he "put him up" to a good thing or two, and introduced him to one of the French racing Counts. The French racing Count asked both to dinner that day, overlooking Mr. Pringle, to the latter's infinite mortification—an invitation which Tom declined, and the young lord accepted with delight. Then Tom went away with his friend Mr. Pringle, who, indeed, made some excuses, and talked of "having an engagement," to which his companion listened without taking notice of it.

"We will take a cab," he said abruptly; "I always find that as good as a private room when I have something to say to a man. Get in." Mr. Pringle made feeble protest; but there was something decided in Tom's manner which it was impossible to oppose. "Bois de Boulogne," Tom said, with a laugh; "only, of course, for a drive!" Mr. Pringle did not understand this allusion.

"Now," said Tom, in another tone, "see here, I have come specially from

London after you. You are going to be married?—that is so, isn't it?"

The other did not answer. "Well, no matter," said Tom; "the end of it is, that it can't, or shan't, come off. You are engaged to our Phœbe, you know?"

"Oh, come," said Mr. Pringle, in a blustering way, "I can't enter on that now. It's all too late. Besides, it was all a mistake. Really, to be pursued in this way by you, and before by your mother—"

"Won't do," said Tom coolly. "Don't let me have to tell you what I think of you. But, you see, the time is running out, and I must act. The poor little thing will break her heart—will die, I really believe. She is in love with you."

"Oh, well, I am not accountable; that is, I can't help that," said the badgered Pringle.

"Why, you—" said Tom, fiercely. Then added gently, "Now, don't talk in that way if you want me to keep my hands—well, my temper, old boy."

"You had better not try that," said Mr. Pringle, desperately.

"Now, listen to me," said Tom, interrupting him; "I want to settle this quietly between you and me, and without any fuss or scandal. Recollect, I am only speaking as a matter of business—not by way of threatening, or anything of the sort. You must hold by your bargain, that's the first thing; then you must break off with these people. I'll show you how to do it cleverly. I'll make it easy," he went on. "The son shall back you up. You'll get into no scrape, that I promise you. Come, I say, you're an honourable fellow, and want to be thought so; you don't wish to worry and torture that poor little soul at home, do you?"

The other was beginning to think of the awkwardness of his position, and saw that he could not give way in either direction without disgrace. But he had, as it were, his back to the wall, and must fight.

"It is too late now, Dawson, to think of all that. . Quite out of the question."

"Well, then," said Tom, slowly, "you must be prepared for the consequences. You'll have me to deal with."

"What?"

"Oh yes. You know we are in a country where the police do not interfere between gentlemen of honour. When you get to England, I shall have to deal with you in rougher style. I am not threatening, but only stating what must happen. Take my word for it, you will have to get out of this marriage."

"Oh, I can't have this!" said Mr. Pringle, in dreadful embarrassment. "I shall get down. I don't want to listen to any more of this. Here, coachman, stop, let me out."

"By all means," said Tom, gaily; "better let me bring you back, if you are tired. But I would recommend you to think over what I have said, and carefully too, or you may find things turn out very inconveniently."

"I suppose I am to take this, that you are threatening me?" said Pringle, nervously. "I can't put up with that, you know. I can protect myself, and, if not, there is the police."

"Oh, I am glad you have mentioned that," said Tom, "for now I can explain myself. I shall have to insult you, Pringle—I shall, indeed—and publicly too; and insulting is a very mild word for what I must do. You drive me to it."

"We'll see," said Pringle, in a fury. "Just try it."

"I shall," said the other. "You know people don't swear the peace and all that sort of thing as they do in England. There'd be the—well—the thrashing first, *coram publico*; and then my friend, Viscount Galons, of the Jockey Club, will have to wait on you, and settle time and place. You see, what with your intended connection with an English earl, and all that, you couldn't shirk it. Now, understand me, I don't mean to be offensive to you, but only to state a programme, the 'correct card,' and all that. After all," said Tom, whom the thought of Phoebe caused to change his tone again, "you know, you are a pledged man; pledged to as nice and charming a little thing as ever stepped. Surely you can't compare that long girl to her; you have more taste than that! And mind this, above all; if you'll do the honourable thing, I'll manage that it will be done comfortably, and that you'll be saved."

These were Tom's words as he parted with his friend.

Mr. Pringle returned to his hotel in a state of considerable agitation. Tom, while stating the serious consequences, had really struck on the difficulty of the case—viz., how he was to withdraw from the new engagement. The fact was, this inconstant youth had no sooner pledged himself to his new engagement than his wild fancy began to stray back to his old flame. The "long girl," so loud of voice and vigorous of manner,

grew more distasteful to him every hour; there was something, too, rather despotic and mistrustful in her manner and tone, which did not bode well. The rest of the family, too, now that the matter was concluded, took the same tone, and were scarcely as deferential as when the arrangement was in petto. Again, he also felt often that he had behaved with cruelty. And this growing distaste to the new alliance came in aid of the old predilection.

Tom, who, for all his wildness, had a "downrightness" and purpose that helped him to know human nature and character, was certain that he should succeed in what he desired—in fact had determined that it should be. Accordingly he left his remarks to germinate, and then set about his own business. He looked up some more of his French sporting friends; indeed, English sporting men are always received abroad with a feeling that reaches almost to reverence. He laid down the law on this and that horse, in his own tongue, allowing his listeners to find such broken English, or to understand him as they could; and received many deferential invitations to dine. In short, he spent a very satisfactory day in the French capital.

LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITERS.

ARTISTS.

HOGARTH, that sturdy and honest satirist of the Georgian era, was no great letter-writer; his thoughts not flowing with rapidity, and his spelling being deficient. Yet, nevertheless, several strong and well-expressed letters of his do exist, and they show the pugnacious and downright character of the man even better than could be expected.

In 1760, on the accession of George the Third to the English throne, the establishment of a Royal Academy began to be a topic of the day. Upon this occasion Hogarth wrote to the Earl of Bute a letter opposing the plan, and suggesting another of his own.

The painter begins: "Much has been said about the immense benefit likely to result from the establishment of an academy in this country; but, as I do not see it in the same light as many of my contemporaries, I shall take the freedom of making my objections." Hogarth then goes on to sketch the origin of academies in England, the first being one in Queen-street, started by some "gentlemen painters of the first rank," about 1700. The plan

was taken from France, and the business conducted "with far less fuss and solemnity;" nevertheless, it soon became an object of ridicule, and a caricature procession of the president and his adherents was chalked round the walls. Upon this the angry amateurs clapped a padlock on the door, and the subscribers put another; and so ended the first English academy in spite, wrangling, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.

Sir James Thornhill, one of the seceders (Hogarth's father-in-law), then set up an academy in a room he built at the back of his house (now the playhouse), and furnished tickets gratis to all who requested admission; but very few caring to incur this obligation, the scheme soon fell to decay. Mr. Vanderbank headed the rebellious party, and converted an old Presbyterian meeting-house, in St. Martin's-lane, into an academy. This lasted a few years, till, the treasurer sinking the subscription-money, the lamp, stove, &c., were seized for rent, and academy number two dropped.

"Sir James dying," says Hogarth, "I became possessed of his old academy apparatus; and thinking such a place, on proper and moderate principles, was useful, I proposed that a number of artists should subscribe and hire a room in St. Martin's-lane, where thirty or forty people could meet and draw the naked figure. I lent them the old furniture, and attributing the failure of the two former academies to the leading members assuming a superiority which their fellow-students would not brook, I proposed that every member should contribute an equal sum to the establishment, and have an equal right to vote in every question relative to the society. As to electing presidents, directors, professors, &c., I considered it a ridiculous imitation of the foolish parade of the French Academy, by the establishment of which Louis the Fourteenth got a large portion of fame and flattery on very easy terms. But I could never learn that the arts were benefited, or that members acquired any other advantage than what arose to a few leaders from their paltry salaries—not more, I am told, than fifty pounds a year—which, as must always be the case, were engrossed by those who had most influence without any regard to their relative merits!"

Hogarth then adduces Voltaire's opinion of the failure of the Royal Academy of Paris, and complains of a meeting of

artists at the Turk's Head in Gerrard-street, Soho, to propose a ridiculous address to king, lords, and commons in favour of a new academy, that they should have founded themselves. "Thus," says Hogarth, "to pester the three great estates of the empire about twenty or thirty students drawing a man or a horse, appears, as it must be acknowledged, foolish enough; but the real motive is that a few bustling characters who have access to people of rank, think that they can thus get a superiority over their brethren, be appointed to places, and have salaries, as in France, for telling a lad when an arm or a leg is too long or too short." The next sentence is William Hogarth's altogether. "Not approving of their plan, I opposed it; and, having refused to assign to the society the property which I before had lent them, I am accused of acrimony, ill-nature, and spleen, and held forth as an enemy to the arts and artists. How far their mighty project will succeed I neither know nor care; certain I am it deserves to be laughed at, and laughed at it has been."

Hogarth then goes on to strongly recommend the young king to furnish his own gallery with one picture from each of the most eminent painters in England. This, he says, would set an example to a few of the opulent nobility, though he feared that even then there never would be a market sufficient in this country for the number of lads who turned artists.

"France," says Hogarth, bitterly, "had in art assumed a foppish kind of splendour, and drew vast sums of money from England." To vie with the Italian and French theatres of art was impossible; but he adds, severally, "We are a commercial people, and can purchase their curiosities ready made—as, in fact, we do—and thereby prevent their thriving in our native clime."

Then comes a sharp stroke. "In Holland selfishness is the ruling passion; in England vanity is united with it. Portrait-painting, therefore, has, and ever will, succeed better in this country than in any other, and upon the whole it must be acknowledged that the artists of the age are fitted for each other. If, hereafter, the times alter, the arts, like water, will find their level."

Hogarth ends his honest growl by enumerating the reasons that kept back art in England. First, our religion, forbidding images for worship or pictures to rouse veneration; second, that trade is pre-

fferred to painting and sculpture. At the close of the letter Hogarth opposed the sending young men abroad to study the antique. Such study might improve an exalted genius, but it could not create it. Everything necessary for sculpture or painting could, he said, be found in London. Then he finishes with a shot at Kent, who had travelled with but very indifferent results. "Neither England nor Italy," he says, "ever produced a more contemptible dauber than the late Mr. Kent; and yet he gained the prize in Rome; in England had the first people as his patrons; and, to crown the whole, was painter to the king."

Hogarth, though a member of the Society of Arts that first met at Rathwell's Coffee-house, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, used to fear it might originate too many artists, some of whom would regret in after life that they had not learned to make a shoe, rather than have devoted themselves to the polite arts.

Constable's letters are very fresh and natural, and show a quiet, enthusiastic, domestic man, who was never so happy as when thoughtfully painting by the side of a Suffolk water-mill. This artist was the son of a well-to-do miller who lived at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, a pretty place overlooking the river Stour, which separates the county from Essex. The gentle declivities, says Leslie—its luxuriant meadows, sprinkled with flocks and herds; its well-cultivated uplands; its woods and rivers, scattered villages and churches; its farms and picturesque cottages—made Constable a painter, and he never forsook the local deity for any other worship. He was as a child fond of painting, and when a lad a plumber and glazier near his father's house taught him to paint landscapes. He was intended for the Church, but was brought up as a miller, till his craving for art drove him to the studio. This artist's first landscape appeared at the Royal Academy in 1802. He began to make sketching tours in the north, but he had no relish for solitary mountains, and sighed for villages, churches, mills, farms, and cottages where he had first seen happiness.

There is a delightful freshness, honesty, and enthusiasm about Constable's letters, and they show the exquisite pleasure that he drew from nature, and how reverently he viewed it. In one of his letters he speaks of a Nicholas Poussin landscape, now in the National Gallery: "Large um-

brageous trees, and a man washing his feet at a fountain near them—a solemn, deep, still, summer's noon. Through the breaks in the trees are mountains, and the clouds are collecting about them with the most enchanting effects possible." "It cannot be too much to say," writes Constable, "that this landscape is full of religious and moral feeling."

In 1821 the critic had been denouncing his skies as obtrusive, and quoted Reynolds, who, talking of Titian's landscapes, says: "Even their skies seem to sympathise with their subjects. I have been often advised to consider my sky as a white sheet thrown behind the objects." Against this conventional dogma Constable flew with clenched teeth. He writes with great good sense and earnestness to his friend Fisher: "It will be difficult to name a class of landscapes in which the sky is not the keynote, the standard of scale, and the chief organ of sentiment. . . . The sky is the source of light in nature, and governs everything, even our common observations on the weather of every day are altogether suggested by it." Skies are so difficult in composition and execution, Constable contended, because, with all this brilliancy and inner light, they must not be brought forward; but this, he contended strongly, did not apply to phenomena or accidental effects of sky, such as those stormy sea-views he was fond of painting, because they always attract the eye especially.

In a letter of the same year he says: "How much I wish I had been with you on your fishing excursion in the New Forest" (what river can it be?). "But the sound of water escaping from mill-dams and willows, old rotten planks, slimy posts and brickwork—I love such things. Shakespeare could make everything poetical; he tells us of poor Tom's haunts among 'sheep-cotes and mills.' As long as I do paint I shall never cease to paint such places" (the picture he was painting on the day he died was a mill). "They have always been my delight; and still I should paint my own places best. Painting is with me but another word for feeling, and I associate my 'careless boyhood' with all that lies on the banks of the Stour. Those scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful that I had often thought of pictures of them before I ever touched a pencil. . . . Does not the Cathedral (Salisbury) look beautiful among the golden foliage? Its solitary grey must sparkle in it."

Constable, who spent half his happy life under the mill-side willows, took an innocent delight in observing facts in nature, that, though simple and obvious, escape ordinary people. In a picture of Salisbury Cathedral, seen from the bishop's grounds, he makes a point of the "master cow," or leader of the herd, drinking first; and, as usual, he makes his cows of his own Suffolk breed—without horns. He was delighted when Sam Strowger, the well-known porter and model of the academy, and also a Suffolk man, praised his picture of The Cornfield, because "the lord," or leading reaper was well in advance of his fellows. Constable was very indignant at any imitations of the old masters, and especially of their brown foliage. When Matthews wrote his pleasant Diary of an Invalid, and asserted that Gaspar Poussin's "green landscapes" were detestable, and that "the delightful green of nature could not be represented in a picture," Constable expressed great indignation.

Wherever Constable went with an easel under his arm and his colours in his pocket, he made first to the village mill, so powerful is the magic of early memories. In a letter of 1825 he again mentions his favourite haunt, and speaks of riding out of the white atmosphere of Bath to the green village of Bath-Easton, and, finding himself as if by instinct at the mill, "surrounded by weirs, back-waters, nets, and willows, with a smell of weeds, flowing water, and flour in my nostrils."

Constable was a very generous praiser of other men's works. He saw at Lady Dysart's a fine Cuyp, which he thus graphically sketches, and like a true artist: "Still and tranquil the town of Dort is seen, with its tower and windmills under the insidious gleam of a faint watery sun, while a horrid rent in the sky almost frightens one, and the lightning descends to the earth over some poor cottages."

Constable's notices of his friends and contemporaries are always just, generous, and free from malice or envy. He says in one place, "Turner's light, whether it emanates from sun or moon, is exquisite." "Turner never gave me so much pleasure, or so much pain, before. Collins's skies and shores are true, and his horizons always pretty. Calcott has a fine picture of a picturesquie boat driven before the wind on a stormy sea; it is simple, grand, and affecting." He says of a Watteau, "It seems painted in honey—so mellow, so tender, so soft, and so delicious;" and again, of

Turner, "Turner has some golden visions, glorious and beautiful. They are only visions, but still they are art, and one could live and die with such pictures."

The letters of Haydon are very characteristic of the man—passionate, impulsive, and egotistic. The two volumes recently published by his son, F. W. Haydon, and which sum up the life of an unhappy genius, supply us with many of these. The old story is told again in these volumes with the fullest detail, and no corner of this extraordinary man's career is now left dark. Haydon, born in 1786, was the son of a Plymouth printer. From a child he took to drawing, and never rested till, in 1804, he obtained his father's reluctant leave to go to London and study at the Royal Academy. For six months he worked alone, day and night drawing the cast and studying Albinus's Anatomy. He entered the Academy almost at the same time with Wilkie, who was described to Haydon as a "raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman," and they soon became friends. Wilkie's success with his Village Politicians, for which Lord Mansfield gave him thirty guineas, encouraged Haydon to paint a large picture, Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt, which Fuseli, who had taken a fancy to the impetuous lad, hung on the line, Mr. Thomas Hope, of Deepdene, purchasing it for one hundred guineas. In 1808 he commenced his great picture of Dentatus for Lord Mulgrave; but in the midst of this work a visit to the Elgin Marbles left him in despair with his picture, and, to use his own words, "he dashed out the abominable mass." The Dentatus was exhibited in 1809. The picture was cruelly hung in the dark Octagon-room, and its chances of celebrity lost for the time.

Haydon now entered his name with Wilkie for election at the Academy as associate. Wilkie got in, but Haydon was rejected for a third-class man. Thus began the bitterness of this contentious man's life. A commission for a scene from Macbeth for Sir George Beaumont Haydon lost by insisting on painting it life-size. In 1810 he gained a prize of one hundred guineas for his Dentatus in a competition at the British Gallery, and the same year had a small cabinet picture of Romeo and Juliet thrust into the same dark room that had spoiled its predecessor. Haydon, in an irrepressible rage, at once took down the picture and carried it home

with him in a hackney-coach. And from this time till sixteen years after he sent in no picture to the Academy exhibitions. How far West and Northcote showed jealousy, and how far all this arose from the incontrollable temper and conceit of the man, it is now difficult to say.

Haydon's celebrated Three Letters in the *Examiner* in 1812 declared him at once an open enemy of the Academy. He was at once deserted and slandered. But there was no taming such a Minotaur as this. Owing six hundred pounds, and without a shilling in his pocket, he began his greatest picture, *The Judgment of Solomon*. At the Water Colour Society in Spring-gardens this picture proved a great success, and sold for seven hundred guineas. The Royal Academy came round, and wished to elect him. It was while painting this picture that poor Haydon's eyes began to go, a misfortune that we think latterly materially affected his art. He was partially blind, and wore, says his last biographer, two or three pairs of large round concave spectacles. There is a doubt if he ever saw an object in its natural size and shape.

Haydon's next picture, *The Entry into Jerusalem*, painted in his state of half blindness, drew thirty thousand persons to see it in one season; but it led to no commissions. With all his fame he was surrounded by duns, and half starving.

Overwhelmed with debt, and frequently arrested, Haydon, in 1822, completed his picture of Lazarus, one of the finest of his works. It was exhibited; all London crowded to see it; and the receipts soon mounted to two hundred pounds a week. An angry and neglected creditor, indignant at the sum Haydon was making, suddenly put in an execution; the Lazarus was seized. Haydon was sent to prison, his newly-married wife was turned out, and all the property sold.

Yet still he went on full of hope, defying his enemies. The Mock Election, a scene he had witnessed in the Bench, was purchased by George the Fourth for five hundred guineas. For Sir Robert Peel he painted Napoleon Musing at St. Helena, for which he received only one hundred and thirty guineas. More lecturing, more reviling of real and imaginary enemies, and the end came. His *Aristides* and *Nero*, when exhibited, did not draw, and then he closed his exhibition, which had been eclipsed by the fame of Tom Thumb next door, with a loss of one hundred and eleven

pounds. One June morning he shot himself before his easel. In his journal was found the following entry:

God forgive me. Amen!
Stretch me no longer on this tough world.—LEAR.

It is in Haydon's letters, after all, that you best see the man. The fiery energy with which he threw himself into the study of the Elgin Marbles, for instance, is perfectly shown in the following passage from a letter to the President of the Imperial Academy, St. Petersburg.

"In the Neptune's breast," he says, "you will observe a most astonishing instance of the union of a simple fact of nature with the highest abstracted form. Under the left armpit you will see a wrinkle of skin, which must be so in consequence of the arm being down; and thus, the space to contain the same quantity of skin not being so great as when the arm is up, the skin, of course, must wrinkle. In the other arm, which is elevated, the space from the side to the arm being greater, the skin, of course, must be stretched, and there is no wrinkle. In the fragment of the Negro's chest which I sent you, under the left armpit you will see the wrinkle of skin. It is for this reason I cast the Negro, because in the movement of his body he developed the principles of the Elgin Marbles. Now, sir, how simple is this! Yet what other artist but Phidias would have ventured to put the wrinkle of human skin in the form of a God! On the sides of the ribs of the same fragment you will also find the veins marked, which Winkelmann and other theorists have ever considered as incompatible with the form of a divinity."

The following letter to Mrs. Siddons, on her admiration of the Elgin Marbles, is amusing for its high-flown style and profound gallantry:

"MADAM,—I hope I may be pardoned for venturing to express again my gratitude for your unhesitating decision on Saturday.

"I have ever estimated you, madam, as the great high priestess at the shrine of Nature; as the only being living who had ever been, or who was worthy to be, admitted within the veil of her temple; as one whose immortality was long since decided. You will then judge of my feelings at having been so fortunate as to touch the sensibility of so gifted a being. The whole evening I could not avoid

believing I had held converse with a spirit of my own imagination, whom for years I had pictured in solitude as the organ of Nature herself, in whose immediate impressions I would place more confidence, and bow to them with more deference, than to the united reasoning of the rest of the world."

While writing of the faults and egotisms of this unhappy man, we should not forget that it is to him, his far sight and broad views, we owe the starting of the English schools of design, one of the most useful movements of the present century, and the full fruits of which another half century only will fully show. The following, from a letter of Haydon to Lord Melbourne, will show how carefully he followed the progress of the schools :

"Believe me, my dear lord, the cause of the superiority of France and Italy in their design is in their union of artist and mechanic. This union is in force in Scotland, and one result at this moment is, that a certain house in Manchester, which manufactures an article of unequalled material, is obliged to send eleven thousand dozens annually to Edinburgh to have the pattern designed!"

And in the following letter to his wife, in 1838, he renews the subject, showing how the Italian and Grecian workmen studied by the side of the artist :

"These official men do not know and cannot be brought to understand that, at first, all academies of art were schools with teachers, schools where the artist and mechanic, the painter and the upholsterer, the decorator and the mechanic, the saddler, the carver, the sculptor, and worker in metals, all met together, and learned under the same teachers, the great artists of the period, so that each got their knowledge from the highest source. This is the reason why the Greeks, and Italians, and French so far excel us in their beauty of design. When I told them at my last lecture that it was from the union which formerly existed between the artist and the mechanic in Italy and in Greece, that their metal, and leather, and wood-work, their vases, and candlesticks, and lamps, and saddles, &c., were so superior, the audience cheered me heartily. They saw and appreciated the value of the principle. Oh, be assured my principles will take root in the understanding of intelligent men, and will yet save Old England from being eclipsed by her rivals abroad. I may not live to see it, but if

the mechanics of this country will only master the principles of art, before fifty years are over, we shall be far beyond the foreigner. If they do not, we shall be as far below him."

One very amusing part of these newly-collected letters is the jealousy shown by Haydon (particularly about 1842) of German art. Herbert and Dyce, thorough Germans, according to Haydon, had got on the Council of the School of Design, through Eastlake, who was also German, and Haydon writes to every one in horror and alarm. "The French," he says, "make all mechanics draw and paint the figure first, and then go to ornament. The Germans begin with ornament, and then go to the figure. The French is the sound code. The Germans," he writes, to Eastlake, "speak with contempt of English art because they want a bit of English cake. Did you ever know a German, from prince to peasant, who did not? If Cornelius can persuade the travelling English that we British painters are now capable of decorating our own Houses of Parliament, they may succeed in getting a slice."

DERBY SCENES.

As the "blue fever" heralds the approach of the London season, so does the "Derby fever" mark its apogee. For a couple of weeks before the great event, it supplies the staple of conversation to that large section of the great world which depends for ideas upon current topics. For the rest of the year, the sporting world has its talk very much to itself. The lesser Leviathans who bet their thousands, and those greater creatures who bet their tens of thousands, enjoy their calculations, lay their money out to greater or lesser advantage, get through their settlements, and drink their dry champagne with what appetite they may; but the general public cares for none of these things—at least, there is no outward and visible sign of the sympathy of society with horse-racing. It is true that there are disquieting rumours abroad. It is said that lords temporal—some irreverent chatterboxes add spiritual—bet on commission. Respectable fathers, who are outwardly known only to their families and their offices, are also reported to "do a little on the quiet;" and clerks in the Blue Tape Office are credited with a special tout to every room, whose duty it is to keep his patrons well informed as

to the result of private trials, and other pitfalls for the unwary. But these bettors breathe no word of their doings to their intimate friends. Still less to their domestic circle do they hint that the high-mettled racer occupies the smallest corner of their thoughts. It is only during the bright mornings of the latter end of May that betting-books appear as openly as buttercups; and simple, good-natured people, who know not one end of a horse from the other, discourse learnedly on the shape and make of the favourites for the great race. Clutterby, C.B., who reads the sporting columns of the daily papers regularly, knows Hotspur, Meteor, and Bleys, by sight, and keeps the last edition of Ruff's Guide to the Turf locked up in a private despatch-box, feels his tongue—tied fast for the rest of the year—all at once let loose at the approach of the Derby. Taking his stand in the club smoking-room, he pours out treasures of racing lore, to the astonishment of those who have hitherto known him only as the energetic vice-president of the Society for the Diffusion of Algebra among the Digger Indians. He suddenly displays a curious acquaintance with the peculiar arithmetic of betting-books. He descants upon the effect of certain strains of blood. He can tell you off-hand the pedigree of at least a dozen winners of the Derby, and is prepared to demonstrate how the union of the Sweetmeat and Pantaloons blood assured the victory of Maccaroni, and how the want of staying power in "the King Toms" has prevented many of those beautiful animals from "getting home" on Epsom Downs. Clutterby tells you, with an air of superiority, that the centenary of the Derby will "come off" in four years from the present date, and refers to the victory of Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed in the year of the Gordon Riots, as if it were a thing of yesterday. To do Clutterby justice, his financial speculations take hardly so wide a range as his verbal observations, his investments being confined to a single share in the club sweep, in which an outside friend—a desperate fellow, who risks at least ten pounds every year on the Derby—"stands in." But, in spite of the slenderness of his monetary interest, Clutterby talks about the Derby as if his fortune depended on it. Little Scatterleigh, far down in the ranks of Clutterby's office, and who always speaks of the C.B. as his great chief, is also an oracle in his little way at the club to which he belongs.

Scatterleigh makes a "gentleman's book" on the Derby, and lays the odds—one point beneath those quoted in the newspapers—to those among his sporting friends whom he thinks sure to settle on Black Monday. He is great at making cross bets, and hedging his little book, displaying an industry in that congenial pursuit which, if devoted to the service of Her Majesty, would speedily advance his worldly prospects. He is not so clever with the stud-book as Clutterby, but knows every winner of the Derby from 1780 down to 1875. He likes to speak of the year 1801, as Eleanor's year—memorable for the Derby and Oaks being won by the same animal—a feat repeated by the famous Blink Bonny fifty-six years later. He does not know much about the famous Waxy blood, but he can tell you in an instant the year in which that noble son of Pot8os carried off the Epsom prize, and the dates of the victories of his children, Pope and Whalebone, Blucher and Whisker. He is prepared to lay odds he names the first horse in any past year, and to take them that he places the first three any time within a quarter of a century. He will make bets as to the number of times it has snowed on the Derby Day, and will take a hundred to one it snows on the next anniversary. His eldest son, born in 1856, was christened Ellington, in honour of that fortunate animal; his "second string," as he loves to call him, Caractacus, after the winner of 1862; and his "two-year-old" is of course George Frederick. Scatterleigh lives in the past of the great race, but he is by no means a trustworthy guide for the future, and came in the other day for a notable rebuke from Cornet and Sub-Lieutenant Jack Tattenham of the Horse Guards Green. Scatterleigh had been talking and arguing everybody stupid about the dark ages of the Derby, when the gallant officer turned upon and extinguished him by the following pertinent question: "What the doose is the good of fellows bothering their brains over the Derby of 1786? What I want to talk about is the Derby of 1876. Will you lay me six ponies to four I don't know more about that little joker than you do, my old guide to the turf? Hey!"

Clutterby and Scatterleigh both go to the Derby by rail, lunch at a friend's drag, and leave immediately after the great race—to the end that they may pass the evening at the Literary Fund

Dinner, so fond are they of books and bookmakers of all kinds. It is, perhaps, just a little dull after the scene of the morning, and a few unholy yearnings glide—only for an instant—into poor little Scatterleigh's bourgeois bosom. He sniggers, and mentions something in an undertone to his "great chief." That potentate smiles a pitying and benevolent smile, and gently rebukes his reckless subordinate.

"My poor Scatterleigh," he says, in his richest and softest tones, "the air has been too much for you. It is, indeed, a Bohemian breeze that blows over Epsom Downs. You are infected, my good fellow, or your thoughts would never wander Chelseaward to-night. Better come on to the cosy smoking-room of the 'Chit-Chat,' and take a final tumbler there." The flash of Bohemian fire that gleamed for an instant in Scatterleigh's rather weak eyes dies out, and he obeys the mandate of his admired superior. Perhaps his speech is a little thick when he arrives home; but no matter, he has not broken that cardinal rule of his farthing-candle existence—never to drink too much but in unexceptionable company.

If everybody at Epsom conducted himself after the manner of Clutterby and Scatterleigh, the Derby Day would be a credit to England, and perhaps be a trifle duller than an Illinois camp-meeting—in fact, many would take the camp-meeting "for choice." But it requires worlds unknown to those highly-respectable members of society to make up, what sporting writers call with equal appropriateness, the Epsom Carnival, and the Saturnalia on the Downs. The Leviathans of the ring—skilful wielders of the pencil—have been engaged for days past in the arduous work of comparing bets and squaring their books by the mysterious processes of "getting out" and "getting round." The great army of infatuated backers of horses have also been busy in hedging and making cross-bets with those among their friends who have drawn a favourite in a club sweepstakes. Mighty preparations have been going on in the way of organising parties for the Derby Day. Every known kind of vehicle has been hired, from a four-in-hand drag to the antediluvian "one-horse shay;" and the stock of pigeon-pie baked for the great occasion must have thinned the blue-rock race. Of the fluids provided for the solace of the noble sportsmen for that

day only, it would be unprofitable to discourse; and speculation on the views of Professor Wanklyn, Mr. Thudicum, and Mr. Henry Vizetelly concerning "Derby Champagne" may well be withheld until those learned authorities have quite made up their minds as to its composition. But two things are certain: vast quantities of it are taken down to Epsom, and none is ever brought home.

The regular bookmakers, and those odd persons who choose to pass their lives on a race-course, backing horses, make but a very small proportion of the immense concourse on the downs on the Derby Day. Of those interested in the great event, one of the earliest to rise on the Derby morning is young Doubleshift, of the great house of Allwork, Doubleshift, and Co., Stockbrokers. Young Doubleshift, who, not daring to speculate through his own house, "sells a bear" occasionally through another, has had a very good time of late, and has invested a portion of his winnings in a Derby book, according to the columns of which he stands to lose heavily by the favourites, and to win by everything else. He is going down in a barouche and four, with a couple of kindred spirits, who, finding—like arithmetical Alexanders, as they are—the world of the Stock Exchange too small for their great ambition, sigh for the excitement and glories of the turf; for what is the profit derived from a successful "bear," compared with the delight of "skinning the lamb?" Old Slaughter, the butcher, drives down "the missus" in his trap, and has taken several shares in various Derby sweeps in his wife's name, for Slaughter never made a bet in his life—openly. That well-informed person, the "Man in the Street," however, maintains that appearances go for naught, and that Slaughter is the real backbone of the great Derby book made by Scalesby, of Billinggate, whose "The field a monkey; twice, my lord" is a well-known phrase in the betting-ring. But Slaughter keeps his counsel right well; and when the number goes up—indicating the winner—is ready to welcome his old friend Scalesby to luncheon, whatever their joint luck may have been. Wigram, the sporting barber, also goes down the road in great state, but is not quite so easy in his mind as the great capitalists, Scalesby and Slaughter. He has "put the pot on" in a mild way, and stands to lose a matter of twenty or thirty

pounds on the race. He is therefore all hurry and flurry to hedge his bets as he goes down, and pesters everybody to "take his money" to a few sovereigns. If the race turn out awkwardly there will be a flutter among the pomatum-pots on Thursday, for he has issued a "tip" to his customers, with the horses he thinks will be placed first, second, and third duly depicted thereon in their racing colours; and should Wigram's "tip" turn out as tips often do, he will be smothered in chaff by his better-informed customers. Bungley, the landlord of the ancient "Cat and Pepper Box"—recently dubbed anew the "Alexandra Tavern"—is heavily involved, and looks anxiously forward to the Derby to pull off some of his mortgages; but is nervous and shaky this morning, on account of his standing heavily against a prominent favourite, and, being unable to "get out," except at a frightful sacrifice. If the "dead'un" should win, it will be all up with Bungley, and the "Alexandra Tavern"—late "Cat and Pepper Box"—into the bargain. On the road these intrepid speculators catch a glimpse of the regimental drag carrying the fortunes and the very elegant person of the Honourable Thomas Harkaway, who has been betting right and left since "the Guineas." No person, however, wears a calmer visage than Mr. Harkaway, who bets quietly enough all the way down the road, and looks as composed as if a solitary "fiver" would acquit him of every responsibility. Down the road they all drive—merrily enough—cheek by jowl, with Jack Ashleaf, the greengrocer, who is concerned in a booth on the course; with Jimmy Lye, the husband of Mr. Harkaway's laundress, who intends to do a good stroke of business in gingerbeer and other equally light and wholesome refreshments; with Mr. Blackmore, Ramoneur to Her Majesty, and his great rival, Ebenezer Roker, who sweeps chimneys on scientific principles. Down they all go, past the sweet-smelling hawthorn hedges, and fields glowing with green and gold, bound on the common errand—to do or to be done. Dusty and thirsty in spite of a halt at the Spring at Ewell, or the Cock at Sutton, they work their way on to the course, amid a din as of Babel let loose, and find themselves there late enough, for many of the best places have been taken up by the happy know-nothings to whom the race and the horses are unknown quantities, and the odds but as cuneiform inscriptions.

They are eating already, these good folks—not from any idea that their appetites will be spoilt by the result of the race, but on the good old English idea of laying a foundation for the festive superstructure to be piled up after the race. While these simple folk are engaged in no more dangerous work than the infliction of serious injury on their digestive organs, the ring is a cloud of dust, a very pandemonium of shouts and yells. Fresh books are opened; fresher and heavier bets are laid; and, as the satin-coated heroes of the day are led into the paddock, the odds chop and change about in bewildering fashion. While Wigram is rushing about to "get out" of a sovereign or two, Lord Ironleigh steps into the ring, and, after a brief colloquy with the Sheffield or the Croydon Leviathan, backs a couple against the field for a level five thousand or so, or lays the odds on them as he can well afford to do. Roaring and pencilling go on apace; the course is cleared; and then, after the canter, the noise redoubles as the favourite is observed to go "like a bird," or "a lion," to step along with sweeping stride, or to go "short and stilty." The Honourable Thomas Harkaway's book closes with a sudden snap, and that gentleman betakes himself to his place in his box. Murmurs, shouts, and deep-drawn breaths proclaim the various false starts until the flag drops, the bell rings, and eyes—some bright enough, others reddened with excitement—watch the turn into the great light-green riband which stretches from Tattenham Corner to the winning-post. Then the shouts recommence, never to cease until the mighty steeds, "clothed in thunder," pass the winning-post. Then hats fly high in air, and everybody drinks, and drinks deeply—the winners for joy, the losers to drown their grief. Mr. Harkaway does not drink. He steps quietly down from his box, lights an immense cigar, and a few minutes later strides across the downs to catch the train—for the revelry on the regimental drag is not to his taste, and he wishes, as he says, to get back to his own comfortable cutlet in his own home, out of the noise and racket of the vulgar. The latter section of humanity then begin to enjoy themselves in earnest. Lobsters, chickens, and pigeon-pies disappear with fearful rapidity; champagne-corks fly aloft; and the gathering puts on the appearance of a gigantic pic-nic, continued with intervals of "Aunt Sally," three sticks a penny, and other amusements proper to the hour, till the

last race is run and holiday London streams back to its bed.

Thus far all has gone merrily enough. The national holiday (save the mark) has been a great success. Money-making and losing, eating and drinking—especially drinking, have occupied at least a quarter of a million people from early morning till far into the night. Perhaps it is as well not to remain on the course till the last of the flushed and excited crowd have driven townward, and left the downs to the nomad population, whose tents are pitched there for the nonce, for the spectacle then presented is apt to awaken other emotions than those of joy. As the moon rises over the grand stand—staring over the deserted race-course with its empty boxes, like the ghosts of departed fortunes—queer sights may be seen on the downs. Out of the drinking-booths, towards the waggons and the tent carts posted in the neighbourhood, reel strange figures, caricatures of humanity, hiccuping snatches of the ribald songs which have shocked ears polite during the day. Like the spoilers of the slain on the battle-field, hover other loathsome objects picking up eagerly the waifs and strays, the crumbs which have dropped from the Derby luncheon. The policeman's lantern turned on hedge and ditch, reveals shapeless masses of presumably human origin, crouched down in drunken sleep. It is dreary work wandering among the empty lobster shells and broken bottles, but the dreariness outside is gay when compared with the scenes inside the places devoted to the entertainment of man and—and beast. It is better, perhaps, not to see the last of the Derby. Let us, therefore, hie back to town in spite of the dust and noise, and observe the "fun of the road." Is it funny to mark the faces pale with fatigue, or flushed with strong drink? Is there anything particularly sportive and light-hearted in the practice of flinging dolls and pin-cushions, bags of flour, rotten eggs, or china dogs, at one another? Perhaps it is, if the spectator have taken care to drink himself up or down to the Derby level; but otherwise the scene is as coarse and uninventing as a Dutch fair—a fit theme for Teniers or Jan Steen. It is not wise to tarry by the wayside. The "fun of the road," if not ready, is rough enough in all conscience, but it is edifying when compared with the scenes in tavern-gardens by the road. As night creeps on, the most riotous members of the long procession to London wax

tired of shouting and yelling, the last bottle of champagne is drunk, and the cold butt-end of the last cigar drops from parched lips into the dust of the road, unheeded by the bloodshot eyes now closed in feverish slumber. A few case-hardened roysterers, those who have done their spiritting gently, in the earlier part of the day, "stay" better, and wake the echoes of the quiet streets, as they drive homewards, after a last halt at Cremorne, with shouts of laughter, and snatches of "Tommy make room for your uncle."

As they roll past a little house in the most aristocratic quarter of Belgravia, a man who has been to the Derby, but returned hours ago, sits alone before his writing-table. A bottle of liqueur is before him, a pen is in his hand, but the Honourable Tom Harkaway shows none of his usual aptitude for composition. The phrases do not "come" somehow, and the fireplace is covered with half-burnt fragments marked with his handwriting. His task is no easy one. Away, in a quiet town of Brittany, sits his wife, with her children around her, anxiously awaiting the intelligence of that last "really good thing," on which depends, not only the very slight wrecks of her husband's fortune, but more than she dreams of, for Tom Harkaway has to-day played his last card, and seen the last trick taken, and turned, against him. His credit, carefully nursed to the last moment, had placed it in his power to tempt fortune once more—in vain. Carefully pushed aside from day to day, reality now stares him in the face. The hands of the clock move on and on, and its monotonous ticking is only broken now and then by the hoarse yell of returning revellers, but still the letter advances but slowly. Tom Harkaway sits among his playthings—the toys on which he has spent a gay youth and careless, cynical manhood. They are all present in his quiet snugger—cards and dice; a billiard cue, the trophy of a great match; the betting-book, and the metallic pencil, and a gold pen with a broad nib, the most treacherous toy of them all. For years the Honourable Tom has been lucky with his toys, but of late they have gone askew, like the seventh bullet in Der Freischütz. Most askew of all has gone that golden toy, which now refuses to move. Three months ago it not only signed its master's name in his usual dashing handwriting, but turned oddly round on the outer edge, and wrote a

little niggling "Darlingford," a name "as good as the Bank of England," across a bit of stamped paper. To-morrow that piece of paper will be presented at the Duke of Darlingford's bankers, and Tom Harkaway, with all his cynicism, cannot face that eventuality. Hence the letter which gives so much trouble. At last it is finished, and sealed with the arms of the Harkaways. As Tom directs it with unshaking fingers, his eye glances keenly at another plaything which lies handy. It is the last and most curious of his collection of toys. It has cost much money, and is brilliant with silver—a marvel of cunning workmanship. It is the masterpiece of a celebrated toy-maker, whose name is Colt!

MY ZULU CHAWLES.

HE was the best "boy" on the diamond-fields in my time. Whether for appearance, demeanour, or utility, Chawles had no rival. A chief he was, the son and grandson of chiefs. Kaffir dignities are hereditary so far alone as the heir can keep them, and three generations of sovereignty make an honourable boast among Zulus. Chawles came to the diamond-fields with Paddy Rolleston, who first discovered our mines, to speak strictly. Before his time they had picked up gems on the surface, at Cawood's Hope, Pniel, and other spots, but they had not thought of digging. When Rolleston called for volunteers in Natal, his invitation had been heard by Chawles's father, then upon the point of "treking," or migrating, into Nomansland, the waste country bordering upon Kaffraria. This young chief and a score of comrades boldly followed Rolleston across the Boer country, and, as is known by all who care for the history of our fields, they dug for him half a pint of gems. He refused twenty thousand pounds for them at Capetown, but was glad to accept four thousand in England. At his leaving, the Zulus scattered, and, after many adventures, Chawles drifted into my service.

For a chief he was the most ragged rascal to be found in camp, the blackest and the biggest-mouthed. It was awful to see Chawles grin. He threw his head well back as a preparation, and his sooty face opened right across like a trap, showing an ivory set of dominoes, clean-ranged in a pink-silk case. From the cavern thus yawning issued a series of fine bass notes, ringing, sonorous, joined each to the last

by a chuckle. Chawles resembled the conventional negro only in his face. His character was grave and severe. The unaccountable ways of white men made him laugh, but I never saw his famous grin provoked by any other experience.

He was very ragged, as I have said, but the mere fact of wearing clothes was a distinction. No other Zulu about the camp sported anything more serious, in my time, than a smile and a jackal's brush. Chawles wore a flannel shirt, out at elbow, and a pair of trowsers, out at knee. But he kept my tent in such fashion as made the neighbours envy me—always grave, always on hand, always so neatly black. Chawles was the only chief of their people for many hundred miles about, and he ruled all Zulus in camp. Within hearing of my call he held his state, and pronounced ponderous discourses half an hour long. The strangest speech in the world is Kaffir. Its peculiarity lies in the "clicks." Before beginning to talk you must press the tongue to the palate; then twist your mouth awry, and let the air in sharply, as old-fashioned people do when they urge a horse. The result is "click," or something that approaches that sound. Repeat the operation quickly on the other side, and you get "clack;" draw back the tongue from the teeth, and you have the sound "tza." "Click, clack, tza" has a very tremendous significance in South Africa, if you interperse a few syllables of "baby talk." Seriously speaking, the "clicks" in some Kaffir tongues are the very strangest accompaniment of speech to which travel has introduced me. In one language there are no less than thirty-two, all different, all indispensable for sense. Put a click where a clack should be, or a clack for a cluck, and the consequences may be most disastrous. This difficulty it is, as I am told, which has routed our missionaries.

Chawles had means of communication with his home, and from time to time he told me scraps of news. They generally related to successful raids upon Adam Kok's people. That chieftain had led his tribe of Griquas into Nomansland, just about the time of the Zulu migration. The Capetown government strongly represented to Kok the madness of carrying his flocks and herds outside of civilised jurisdiction, but the old chief persisted. Of course the wild Kaffirs and broken tribes of Nomansland robbed the Griquas with a high hand. I have forgotten how

many hundred head of cattle Chawles boasted his own people to have lifted, but it was enormous. I asked him once if the victims offered no resistance? He laughed scornfully. When could a score of Bastard Hottentots stand against a single Kaffir?

One day Chawles came to me with the very longest face that ever Zulu showed. Said he—to translate his amazing lingo—“I must go home, baas. My second wife’s dead!”

I didn’t know he had even a first, and said so. “I think I had five wives,” he answered. “The last three I’ve never seen, but this woman was married to me before I left Natal.”

I didn’t want to lose him, and replied, “I’m very sorry, Chawles, but if she’s dead there’s an end of that wife. You can’t have seen her for three years, and you’ve still got four wives left.”

“But I must go to the burying,” he said; “I am a chief with my people, and they expect me.” I saw it was a question of setting a good example, and yielded. You can’t argue a point of etiquette, savage or civilised. Besides, I knew my man. Chawles went, and he was away six months. One night, returning to my tent, which had improved itself into a frame-house of canvas by that time, there stood my Zulu boy, the palest nigger, the most woe-begone in camp. His flannel-shirt was a mere memorial of grandeur departed; his trowsers all one hole. On his stalwart right arm was an enormous scar, fast healing, but ugly to behold. He said, with the ghost of his monstrous grin, “I come back, baas!”

“And I’m very glad to see you, Chawles! Come in!”

He came in, fetched me the brandy, made tea, and went about his duties as usual. After casting up the day’s notes, I called him to hear his adventures, with especial relation to the scar. He told me all, leaning against a chair, with a half-pint of neat spirits before him, which he gulped like water, and was none the worse. I shall not try to render the story in his own language, for the good fellow’s English would be almost as difficult to set down as the clicks of his native Kaffir. In plain words the narrative ran as follows, for I thought it worth noting at the time. Confirmation will be found in government reports.

He walked all the way from Griqualand to Nomansland, crossing the tail of the

Drakenberg mountains. I have mentioned that the Zulu kraals under his father’s sovereignty had trekked thither, into the immediate neighbourhood of Adam Kok’s pastures. All the “bad Kaffirs,” as Chawles called them, had been attracted thither by the appearance of the Griquas, a wealthy people, semi-civilised, belonging to those Bastard Hottentot tribes whom the Kaffirs look on as their natural prey. Rich immigrants who can’t fight have a bad time of it in all countries, but old Kok was simply mad, as the government told him, to carry his flocks and herds into the wolf’s very den. Besides, he himself weighed twenty stone or so, and he got drunk before he left his bed. Things went as everybody foresaw. Kaffirs stole the Griqua cattle and beat their herdsmen. They ruined all attempts at cultivation, and carried off the little Griquas for slaves.

Chawles knew very well where to find his father’s settlement, and in six weeks he reached the place described. Traversing a mountain spur, well wooded, he expected to see the Zulu kraals from the edge of it; but on emerging from the trees no such sight was visible. Chawles looked round. Smoke hung over all the plain, rising here and there as from a chimney. Far away, through the mist, he thought to see a moving cloud of dust, such as cattle-lifters raise on their hurried march. But there was nothing alive where his home should have been.

Chawles felt very sad—“much sick,” as he expressed it; but such a sudden desolation did not strike him, a savage, as it would have struck us. Grieved he was, and surprised, but not dumfounded, as would have been an Englishman, finding a smoky desert where his home had lain. If a tribe live by plunder, by plunder it may expect to die; and this rudimentary principle is understood, if not honoured, amongst the Kaffirs. Stealing carefully along, Chawles reached the largest kraal, a heap of smouldering ashes. Some dead lay around, both men and women; a horrid smell hung on the air. Whilst turning the corpses over, recognising one familiar face at least, he became aware of a movement on the lonely plain. Chawles looked up and saw a group of horsemen galloping towards the spot. A mile behind lay the wood, crowning a slope; a mile to left a timbered creek. For this shelter he made at topmost pace, throwing away the good rifle I had given him, and all that could impede his running. The

horsemen pursued, shouting. They began to fire long before he reached the trees, their bullets spattering all round amongst the dust. Not a moment to spare had Chawles, when, panting and almost beat, he gained the cover. By their shouts, their clothes, and their burly forms, he recognised the race of his pursuers. On the diamond-fields we knew very well, and respected, the Bastard Hottentots, though—or because—they retain little of their ancestors, not even their language. Chawles, a Zulu chief, could hardly believe that Griquas should be actually chasing him; but the amazing truth grew visible—tangible almost. They even left their horses and entered the wood after him, but there Chawles was at home. He hid himself easily enough, and after awhile they gave up the pursuit.

My boy wandered on, more sick than ever, and perplexed by these awful signs. What might not happen when Hottentots followed after Kaffirs, and Kaffirs ran? Without food, and in great tribulation, he dragged along, in hopes to find some fugitive from the ruined kraals. But such signal shouts as Chawles ventured to raise echoed through the woods without reply. At length, when dark settled down, he hit upon a cave and took refuge in it. With nothing to eat, and afraid to light a fire, Chawles sat and mourned his tribe until sleep overpowered him. So miserable he grew, and so daunted by the perils round, that pride of birth and pride of his Zulu race were all forgotten. He wished himself back upon the diamond-fields, in my menial but comfortable service. I have Chawles's word for it.

May one single moral be permitted to a traveller who has dwelt in very far countries, has lived very hard, and who has worn out his fancies as his prejudices? I will put what I have to say in one sentence: Nowhere are the joys of savage life more apparent than among Zulus; nowhere are the savage virtues more prominent. But give the Zulu man a taste of civilisation, of law and settled order, and he is foremost to uphold a system he can scarcely comprehend, and to abandon the delights of independent action. It is not true that any savage race or people of the world have a love of fighting for fighting's sake—observe that I say people, not class, for I am acquainted with the Malay pirates. Show them means of getting a livelihood peacefully, they would be pleased to take it. Sometimes other causes intervene, as in America. A thousand tribes of savages

pursue the antique system of theft and murder for their wants, but be sure they do not like it—not, that is, when peril attends the venture. Love of danger for danger's sake is quite a modern and civilised fancy. No savage ever so much as conceived it.

So Chawles, hungry and tired, thought wistfully of the Elysian fields, and the police thereon, till he fell asleep. With a start he awoke, when two persons were entering the cave. Their bare limbs, shining in the moonlight, showed him they were Kaffirs, and a glance told them to be women. Softly he uttered the call of his tribe, but at the sound they ran away moaning. He shouted after them, and named himself by his own "strong names," which enemies would not repeat. After awhile, two girls came out from the dark bush furtively. At a distance they examined Chawles; then, running up, they threw themselves on his big chest and piteously cried. The last survivors of that Zulu clan were two half-sisters of Chawles, whom he had left as children. They had been washing by the stream when the Griquas came down.

Such a story was that the girls told that we diggers could hardly believe it afterwards. As for Chawles, he thought the world at an end. But official reports confirm the tale. Adam Kok and his Griquas had endured theft and outrage for years, petitioning the English government, which could not attempt to protect them, and complaining to the Kaffir chiefs. At length, one day, old Kok kept sober, and he called his clan around him. "The Kaffirs have left us nothing but our lives and our horses," he said; "let us mount and die!" The Griquas were desperate. Ten years' life among wars and rumours of wars had probably stirred the savage "old man" within them. They numbered several who had served in the frontier police, and these drilled the others. Next time a party of Kaffirs came down to harry their few cattle remaining, the Griquas pursued, routed their foe, re-took the herds, and killed the raiders. The Kaffirs—they were Basutos—went to avenge their friends, and suffered an overwhelming defeat. A great discovery that was for Adam Kok and his people! They found that Bastard Hottentots could meet Kaffirs in the field, and beat them. Some wished to rest upon their laurels, but old Kok felt a late prompting of ambition. He invaded the Basuto kraals, killed two hundred warriors in pitched battle, took all their herds, burnt their villages, and perceived a great

future. This extraordinary old man did not ride, since no horse could carry him, but from a litter he marshalled his troops. The broken Kaffir tribes of Nomansland he met, defeated, and exterminated, one after another. His Griquas caught their leader's spirit. Tough fights they had; but the immense advantage horsemen enjoy upon a country like that, when the foe, undisciplined and undrilled, has only muzzle-loading arms, gave them certain victory. Plenty of Kaffirs there are, even in Nomansland, who ride superbly, but they made a small proportion; nor were any of them used to fight on horseback. Adam Kok, the drunken old Griqua chief, whom all despised, showed amazing talent for war. Up and down, on every side, he marched his cavalry, killing all before him, till Nomansland threatened to become a desert. Meanwhile, the Griqua kraals were filled with slaves, and beef was a drug amongst them.

The Zulus of Chawles's clan watched this astonishing revolution with curiosity. Zulus regard themselves as the supreme effort of the Creator. Scarcely will they admit the white man their superior in war, for they have never met him. Looking down from this lordly level, they fail to see much difference between a Griqua and a Basuto, a Coranna and a Fingo. To your Zulu, other Kaffirs and Bastard Hottentots are all alike beneath notice. It seems that they paid actually no attention, except of curiosity, when Adam Kok was overrunning all the territories round them. That he should think of attacking themselves seemed an idea too wild for aught but laughter. It is even stated by English commissioners sent up, that Zulus joined the Griqua regiments with the full approval of their chiefs. But old Adam Kok ceased to drink. He had found another stimulant, much more exciting than rum. After laying waste and exterminating every other clan around, he looked at the Zulus, who had been bitterest of all against his people. The fighting instinct, too, had begun to move his warriors. Old Kok states to the Capetown government that he could not resist his brigadiers and colonels, so mad they grew under the war-fever. A month of unbroken triumph had thus changed the people whom their missionaries had declared with enthusiasm to be thoroughly Christianised! An attack on the Zulus was determined, and it broke out two days before Chawles marched home.

In such warfare the beginning has a form invariable. The Griquas trooped out and

seized their enemy's cattle, driving off two thousand head, and killing the herdsmen who showed fight. So ended the first day. There was rage and madness in the kraal! But no one supposed that Kok would wish to go further. Five hundred Zulus went upon the war-trail to recover their cattle, and to take as many of the enemy's as might be. So the homesteads were left almost defenceless. In the heat of the next day, five hundred Griquas at the least debouched from the woods around, and made a dash. Few there were to receive them, and those unprepared. Defenders and fugitives, men, women, and children, all were killed, not without fight, but almost helplessly. Only these two girls escaped, as I have said. Then the kraals were plundered and burnt to the ground.

Such the story Chawles heard. He listened to it in amazement and indignation beyond speech to express. When it was borne in upon him that a band of Bastard Hottentots had actually crushed a Zulu clan, that his father and mother were killed, and all his male relatives, except two brothers who had led the five hundred on their cattle-raiding expedition, my boy's first thought was of revenge. The panic-stricken girls could tell him but vaguely where the warriors of the tribe had gone; but he left them at midnight, in the cave, and followed. No doubt but Kaffir women would find food in roots and weeds to last till he came back.

Leaving the wood, though it was full moon, he travelled toward Adam Kok's pastures. All the long valley was bathed in light. He saw the faint smoke curling above his home, and the deserted meadows which had been full of cattle. All round the pale-grey sea of grass rose misty hills and woods. One red fire, at a distance, told that the Griquas had not all departed. Very lonely Chawles felt on the plain, as he hurried along at the Kaffir trot towards the grey slope ahead. At length he breasted it, and down the other side, across more plains, through woods and creeks, until, at dawn, the homesteads of the Griquas lay before him. But the moon had long since vanished, and such mists had risen that he could not see a yard before him. The marvellous instinct of the savage had guided him true, but now it failed him. He could do nothing until daylight had dispelled the fog. He followed the lay of the land, and found timber as expected. Under that cover Chawles lay down and slept as a nigger only sleeps.

Two hours after, the tumult of a great

fight roused him—crack of rifles, shout of men, and ponderous thud of horses galloping. He ran into the open. Some score of Zulus came fleeing past, mounted Griquas in pursuit. All up the valley, half a mile that he could see, corpses lay thickly, all Zulu. Chawles was brawnier than most of his tribe, and he wore clothes like a Griqua. A fugitive, in passing, threw his last assegai, and ripped my boy's arm from shoulder to elbow. Another instant he was run down. Not a man reached the timber. All were overtaken and killed. Before Chawles could utter one defiant versicle of his Zulu war-song, he had to run for life back into the wood.

Such was the story he told me. The fine fellow had led his sisters bravely through a thousand perils, and had regained my tent. He brought them in, two superb specimens of young savage beauty. In an hour's time I had found ladies pleased to take charge of them, and before two months were out they had both married Griquas. Not of Adam Kok's tribe, however!

As for Chawles, he remained with me until I left the fields. So improbable his story was considered that the poor fellow obtained credence from no one until we had it on official authority that the government found itself obliged to interfere in Nomansland. Adam Kok developed into a great conqueror, and the proud Kaffirs abjectly prayed for British officers to restrain him. Never was there stronger instance to prove that "a worm will turn," and that you "should not push your enemy against a wall."

NOTE.—This story may explain to a puzzled public why the death of Adam Kok was announced in such big type some weeks ago by all the papers. He had made himself not famous alone, but actually a "question."

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK V. LADY OLIVE DESPARD'S STORY.
CHAPTER III. THE FATE OF ALNASCHAR'S
BASKET.

"I WAS very happy about my friends; and my imagination, which was not generally lively, was much occupied with these strange matters, so that the following morning I found it a pleasant task to write to my brother a full narrative of the occurrences at the Dingle House. I did not expect to see anything of the young people that day; they would be quite sufficiently engaged in their own plans and prospects, but I could form a pretty

accurate notion of how they would act. Griffith would have seen Madeleine, and received her authorisation to inform his father of their mutual love, with its brief episode of hopelessness and self-renunciation, and its present exceeding blissfulness. How and when a similar communication would be made to Mr. Kindersley, I did not know, but I had no doubt of the spirit in which it would be received.

"In my practical way, I pleased myself with speculations about the amount of Mr. Dwarris's newly-acquired fortune, and the proportions in which he would divide it between his son and daughter, the manner in which their future lives would be arranged, and the shifting of scenes which would become immediately imminent. I thought of what Audrey had said about the Dingle House with pleasure. The love of old associations is a respectable note of character, and I was glad to see that no sudden impulse to change the old life for new ways had come to the girl. Griffith and his wife would doubtless take wing, and make a new home among other scenes and surroundings; but Audrey and her husband would, I hoped, remain with Mr. Dwarris at the Dingle House. If ever a man existed in whose case such an arrangement might be expected to work well, Frank Lester was that man.

"I had been occupied for a long time with my letter to my brother, and had congratulated him frankly upon the clear-sightedness which he had shown with respect to Madeleine, and myself upon the fact that he had resisted my well-meant persuasion to fall in love with her, and was about to turn my mind from the subject, and settle down to a long day's solitary reading, when a verbal message from Mr. Dwarris was brought to me. It was to ask whether I should be at home and disengaged during the afternoon. I replied in the affirmative, and felt rather at a loss to account for this derangement of my notions of exactly how things were to fall out, during the twenty-four hours which had elapsed since Audrey had left me on the previous day. That Griffith had seen Madeleine and told all to his father, I felt assured; and my expectation had been that an invitation to go to the Dingle House in the evening would have reached me. Mr. Dwarris's message, on the contrary, implied a visit from himself, and it puzzled me. Perhaps the two couples of betrothed lovers were going to Beech Lawn for the evening, and Mr. Dwarris, in the unusual elation of his

spirits, felt inclined for the slight innovation upon his habits implied in coming to Despard Court after his early dinner. I would coax him into a quiet evening of tea and chess.

"The time passed pleasantly, as I read and thought by turns, and it was six o'clock before Mr. Dwarris arrived. My first glance at his face gave me a start. I had often seen pain in it before. The refined features and pensive eyes were very expressive; but I had never before seen struggle; I had never before seen such strong emotion as one almost ceases to regard as being possible to the old. But struggle and strong emotion were there now; and I could not disguise that I saw them.

"'Mr. Dwarris,' I said, 'there's something wrong?'

"'No—no, indeed; there is nothing wrong—only it has upset me a little. There is news of the ship!'

"I sat down again in the chair from which I had just risen, my mind in a turmoil which rendered me speechless. Like a flash of lightning revealing every accident of a landscape, the announcement laid bare before me the reverse of the hopes which for a few hours had shone so brightly. When I heard all that Mr. Dwarris could tell me, I had not a more perfect understanding of the whole case than the instant after he uttered the words: 'There is news of the ship!'

"'What news? Of its safety?'

"'No, unhappily,' replied Mr. Dwarris, 'there is not unalloyed good in the intelligence. The ship was burnt at sea, at no very great distance from the Falkland Isles; but one boatful of passengers was saved by a passing ship.'

"He paused.

"'And your friends?'

"'Mrs. Pemberton was not among the saved. Ida was—But you shall read the letter I have received.'

"'It came this morning?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do they know?'

"'Audrey and Griffith? They do not. I happened to be on the lawn when the postman came; there was no other letter. I read it in my own room, and said nothing of it. I wished to see you first.'

"'Have you had any particular conversation with Griffith?' I asked the question inconsiderately, and was sorry for it the instant the words had passed my lips, but he did not notice them particularly.

"'No,' he said, absently looking at the letter in his hand. 'Griffith and Audrey dined at Beech Lawn; an unexpected affair. Madeleine sent for Audrey after she left you yesterday. I was glad to have the evening to myself; there was so much I wanted to think over, and I had several letters to write. Happily, they are only written, not despatched.'

"There was a kind of terror over me. I longed to see the letter, I hesitated to ask him for it. He roused himself: 'Of course, you know,' he said, 'that the only thing which causes me the smallest regret—of a personal kind, I mean: there is plenty to regret otherwise—is that I had told them. If I had kept silence a little longer, they need never have been exposed to the trial, which, while human nature is human, this must be to them.'

"He handed me the letter.

"It was directed in a woman's hand, rather neat and precise, but, to accustomed eyes, easily to be recognised as not that of a lady. Mr. Dwarris stood on the hearthrug with folded arms, while I was reading the following lines, which were dated from a hotel at Plymouth:

"'Sir,—I am directed by Miss Ida Pemberton to write to you, as she is at present unable to do so. She thinks it probable that you have for some time believed her to have been lost in the ship Albatross, by which she sailed from Sydney, New South Wales; and which was burnt, at some distance from the Falkland Isles, after a prosperous voyage so far. Miss Pemberton, the infant son of Mrs. Pemberton and myself, were saved, of our party, but the child did not survive. He died on the fifteenth day after we were landed at West Falkland, where we were most kindly received by the authorities. We had escaped from the ship in the only boat which kept afloat, and were speedily picked up by an outward-bound vessel, the Labrador, going to Valparaiso. The captain consented to steer for the Falkland Islands, and landed us all there. We had witnessed the total destruction of the Albatross, and there could not be any hope for those who remained on board. Miss Pemberton was very ill during the time that we were at the Falkland Islands, waiting for a ship to bring us home; the death of her infant brother affected her extremely; and she had not regained her strength when the Collingwood, homeward bound, arrived at the island. She, however, preferred sailing in the Collingwood to being detained longer. Captain Telbin, of the Colling-

wood, would have written to you on our arrival, but Miss Pemberton was anxious that the first intelligence of her safety should reach you from herself. She has suffered a good deal during the voyage, and is weak and unable to write; but she has dictated this letter to me, and she desires me to add that she is most anxious to hear from you. She would have gone on at once to Wrottesley, in pursuance of what she knows would have been Mrs. Pemberton's wish, but that she feels unequal, just yet, to the journey, and prefers to await your instructions. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

BESSY WEST.'

"I read this document twice through, before I made any comment upon it. It thoroughly displeased me.

"A most extraordinary letter, I think; I then observed; 'so cold, measured, and constrained.'

"It is dictated, you must remember."

"Yes, but she might have dictated something more expansive and spontaneous. Not a mention of her cousins; not a word like feeling that she is coming home; not even an emphatic allusion to her life being saved! I certainly should have liked this good news to have come in another form. But good news it is, and must be received as such."

"I do not think I said these words with all my heart, but at least I tried so to say them.

"And for the sad part of the letter—the confirmation of Mrs. Pemberton's death—perhaps that is not so very sad. The little child indeed!"

"Ah yes," said Mr. Dwarris, mournfully, "that is sad indeed. It would have been such an interest, such a delight for Ida; and it is so unfortunate that it has not lived, for other reasons. She will be much too well off."

"I thought of that other brother and sister whose respective shares in that very fortune I had been settling so much to my own satisfaction so short a time ago; and the thought had a very keen pang in it. Was he thinking of them also? I felt sure he was, and I traced the course and force of the mental struggle which his face betrayed.

"Neither of us spoke for a little while. At length, Mr. Dwarris extended his hand for the letter, and, glancing over it, said:

"Lady Olive, I want your advice. What is to be done?"

"About telling Griffith and Audrey what has happened?"

"No, not that, exactly. I should shrink

from that if I could have any doubt of how they will feel. But I have none. They will be as unfeignedly rejoiced as they would have been at any moment before they knew anything about Mrs. Pemberton's will. I am sorry to have led them for even a few hours into a fool's paradise, but I am not afraid of my children. They will never disappoint me. They shall know to-night. But I want to advise with you about what is to be done with respect to Ida's journey hither. It will not do to send Griffith to bring her home, now that she must come alone, poor child; and I am too much of a recluse to undertake the arrangements for the journey of a young lady who is also an invalid. Besides, she may not be able to leave Plymouth for some days yet; but whoever is to go to her ought to be sent off without delay. Though her cold letter does not look like it, she is probably very nervous and anxious to find herself with her own kinsfolk, and she must not be kept in suspense. Would it be well that Audrey and Griffith should both go to her?"

"I think not. You must not be left alone, especially for an uncertain time, and Audrey would not know what to do. I will solve the difficulty, if you will let me. I will go to Plymouth, and bring your niece back with me. Griffith shall escort me, of course, and, as we are all equally strangers to Miss Pemberton, it will not make any difference to her that she is first greeted by one stranger rather than another."

"With the habitual straightforwardness of his character, Mr. Dwarris, while assuring me that he never could have expected such an offer on my part, and that it was an immense relief to him, accepted it at once, and it was agreed that he should write to his niece, and announce the arrival of myself and Griffith for three days hence. I was very glad to undertake this office for my kind and dear old friend; to whom it had become difficult of late to realise that anybody could be so constituted as to find travelling a considerable distance at short notice no trouble or inconvenience at all; and it was all the less troublesome to me that Barr was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Plymouth just then. I was not quite sure where he was; Barr was the vaguest of mortals, and meandered in the strangest way; but I could find out, and he might be able to join me at Plymouth.

"Our arrangements made, we fell to talking quite frankly of the brief past,

during which it had seemed that fortune was smiling on Mr. Dwarris.

"It was very unlucky," he said, "because Griffith has no doubt been making plans for his future—there is plenty of time to do a great deal of castle building in a day, at his age. But he is brave and simple, and the disappointment will not be deep. The strife in my own mind—of course for their sake—has ceased since I have been talking to you. Thank God, I can feel as grateful for the one that is left, as sorry for those who are gone—for poor John Pemberton's wife and child—as if the event had not involved any personal consequences whatever to myself. The very precipitancy I have to regret has an element of good in it, in the light it will shed on the characters of my son and daughter."

Griffith had not told his father anything about Madeleine—thus ran my thoughts while Mr. Dwarris was speaking. What if he should not tell him now? What if Mr. Dwarris were never to be aware of the depth and bitterness of his son's disappointment. What if his father should be unable to see in all its brightness the light which these occurrences shed upon the character of his son?

"I have thought more, since this morning, than I had ever thought before," said Mr. Dwarris, "about poor John Pemberton's notion."

"Of a marriage between the cousins? I remember it well. But I must say I do not think it will be."

I was not about to forestall Griffith's confidence, if indeed he should now disclose the truth to his father; I was about to divert Mr. Dwarris from the idea that this solution was probable, by a different process.

"And why, Lady Olive?"

"For a reason which is in itself a disappointment. Because I do not think the girl who dictated such a letter as the one we have just been considering, under the circumstances, can be a girl likely to attract Griffith. She must be very unlike her cousins, or her letter must be very unlike herself."

Mr. Dwarris looked troubled; as he rose and paced the room in his customary attitude, with his head bent, and his arms behind his back.

"I asked you why you looked upon the realisation of Mr. Pemberton's project as so improbable, because I did not know how you were regarding it. I was about to say that I had been reminded of it, and

of its vanity, by the revival of the meaning and importance of Mrs. Pemberton's letter to me, which you have not seen. Lady Olive, the charge of my niece will be a more serious responsibility than it seems."

"Indeed. Does the letter—the enclosure marked No. II., which you speak of, lead you to expect that?"

"It makes it quite plain. You will have to help me, my good friend, more than even you help me now in everything. I wonder whether the responsibility of looking after a young girl's welfare, and securing her future, was ever confided to hands more incompetent than mine?"

"And Audrey, whom you have had just such a charge of—what about your incompetency there?"

"Audrey is my own child, and neither a beauty nor an heiress. In her life there has not been, and in all human probability there never will be, what people call 'a story.' Her simple and quiet life is like her simple and quiet mind; but this young girl who is coming home to us is evidently of quite another disposition, and has already known much of the tragedy of life. You must feel that mine is a difficult task, at least that I cannot anticipate it without some misgiving."

"Naturally; but you will be helped."

"At this moment, Frank Lester was announced.

"I came on here," he said, "from the Dingle House, hoping to find you, sir; feeling sure you had not seen this, as Griffith and I saw it only an hour ago. There is news of the ship!"

He held out a newspaper to Mr. Dwarris, indicating a short paragraph, in which it was announced that the fears entertained for the safety of the Albatross were confirmed by the arrival at Plymouth of the Collingwood, with a small number of the passengers by the ill-fated Albatross on board. The names were given, and it was briefly stated that the Albatross had been burned at sea.

"This is good news, sir," he continued; "though only one remains; still, in comparison with what we believed until yesterday—Poor girl, what must she not have gone through!"

"Thank you for coming, Lester," said Mr. Dwarris. "I had heard of this, but wanted to consult Lady Olive. And you say Griffith has seen this?"

"Yes, and he is delighted of course. He and I and Mr. Conybeare and Audrey, all know the news; and Audrey was so elated about it that she must needs set off

immediately to Beech Lawn, to tell Miss Kindersley. And indeed that is part of my business here, to tell you that she will probably stay there, as Mr. Kindersley dines out—so one of the innumerable notes from Miss Kindersley informs her—and that, if she does, Griffith and I are to go and fetch her.'

"He looked at me while he said this, and I understood the look. These good children, who were fully justifying their father's belief in their integrity of heart and conduct, were doing more than he knew or dreamed of. They had resolved to conceal from him the extent of the overthrow of the brief hopes which had been raised by his disclosure. I recalled Griffith's words to me; spoken so lately, with a great pang of grief for him.

"'That will do very well,' said Mr. Dwarris.

"'You say you knew this already, sir?'

"Yes, I received this letter, this morning.'

"Mr. Dwarris gave the letter to Frank Lester, and there was silence while he read it, and I watched his face for the impression which I felt convinced it would produce upon him. It did produce exactly the impression I expected, but he kept it to himself.

"'Poor girl,' he said; 'what a terrible experience, and what a sad coming home! And now, what's to be done?'

"'That is what I came to consult Lady Olive upon.'

"I knew Mr. Dwarris so well, that I was perfectly aware that he had marked Frank Lester's manner, tone, and look, and that he recognised his entire frankness and genuineness. Not a word was said between the old man and the young one concerning the difference which this intelligence had made in an hour; but Frank Lester knew well why the father had hesitated to tell the children, and how effectually every cause of hesitation had been removed. Beyond the few words, of course, when Frank Lester came into the room, I had not said anything, and I now explained to him what Mr. Dwarris and I had arranged.

"'A capital plan,' he said, when he had heard me to the end, 'and eminently satisfactory to Lord Barr. I can tell you exactly where he is, if he has not written

to you for a few days, for I heard from him this morning.'

"Then Frank Lester went away, and Mr. Dwarris and I resumed our conversation.

"'It is a relief that they know the news,' said Mr. Dwarris, 'without my having to tell it them.'

"Audrey has, no doubt, already resumed all her plans for the welcoming of her cousin. Of course, as she comes alone, the poor girl will live at the Dingle House for good?'

"If she were a poor girl, in the ordinary sense of the word, there would be no difficulty in answering your question; but as she is a rich girl, it is not easy. Time must settle that and other matters.'

"Notwithstanding the deep shade of anxiety which occasionally crossed his face, Mr. Dwarris was cheerful all the evening, and played several games of chess with his usual skill. I took the task of replying to his niece's letter upon myself, and wrote a few lines of congratulation and welcome, bidding her look for the arrival of her cousin, accompanied by myself in the capacity of an intimate friend of the family. When Mr. Dwarris left me, he had more visibly than ever to my mind the stamp of failure upon his face and figure. I learned long afterwards that Audrey, whom I should not have credited with such keenness of observation, had always been impressed by that sense with regard to her father, and how much it had aided to endear him to his children.

"I had written to Ida Pemberton herself, and it was not until after Mr. Dwarris had left me that it occurred to me that it did not clearly appear who Bessy West, who wrote by her desire and dictation, was. A passenger by the Albatross, and not a lady; these were the two facts which her letter revealed. She was probably a personal attendant of Miss Pemberton's; this, which was the correct, was my ultimate, conclusion. So the night came and found me thinking of my friends. The night before had found me thinking of them. But with a difference as great as that between Alnaschar when he leaned against the wall with his basket of glass at his foot, and Alnaschar when the contents of the basket lay shattered on the ground."